



THE PENDULUM

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CANTON HIGH SCHOOL
FEBRUARY 1902

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THE PENDULUM

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EDITORIALS.

Some of our subscribers have been dissatisfied with the signing of initials only to the articles in THE PENDULUM. The complaint is, that for subscribers who are not intimately acquainted with the pupils, it is hard to decide who the authors are. THE PENDULUM, therefore, has decided to print all signatures in full. Of course, if the author desires, any pseudonym may be used; but for the benefit of subscribers, we prefer to have full names signed to all contributions in the future.



Although Mr. DeVault has appealed to the school to contribute to THE PENDULUM and take more interest in it, and although we have personally solicited articles, the editorial staff, as usual, has had a hard time getting material enough to fill the paper. Whenever we solicit material in this way we are met by all kinds of excuses such as, "I really would like to write but I can't," "I have too much to do to bother with writing for THE PENDULUM."

Now is it in this spirit that scholars should regard their school paper? You cannot reasonably expect the editorial staff to fill the magazine. Every scholar ought to feel it his duty to contribute something to THE PENDULUM at least once during the year. The editors ought not to be obliged to ask personally for contributions. Scholars should have school-spirit enough to take an interest in their paper and try to help it along. Don't let us have to make another appeal. Show your school spirit, we know you have it, and write something for THE PENDULUM.



An "Interested Subscriber" wishes to have explained the sensations THE PENDULUM passed through when it "felt badly." Although 'to feel badly' is correct in one sense, we acknowledge that it was incorrect in the sense in which it was used in the January number of THE PEDNULUM. To 'feel badly' when used in reference to the sense of touch is correct, but we did not mean it in that sense. It should have been, as our subscriber suggests 'felt bad'. But when THE PENDULUM speaks of "health-food," our subscriber again implies that this use of the word health is wrong. Does our subscriber think it should be "healthful food?" As we understand it, health-food and healthful food are not synonymous. The expression health-food, so-called by its manufacturers, applies particularly to certain kinds of prepared food, such as shredded wheat, Mellins' food and others. All health-foods may be healthful food, but all healthful foods could not be classed as health-food.

We were much pleased to hear from our Subscriber and hope that others will take as much interest in THE PENDULUM, especially, as we have before suggested, in the matter of "good English."

Foiled By a Girl.

Thornton Academy was noted for its frolicsome, fun loving boys, and the advent of a new teacher into the school was looked forward to with great glee by the boys.

Miss Mildred Fulton, a young girl of twenty had been appointed to fill a vacancy. On the night of her arrival, Mr. Ashton, the principal of the school, warned her of the pranks of the boys.

The next morning, Mildred Fulton took her place in the class-room, outwardly calm, but with many an inward misgiving as to her success. Her first class was in stenography. When she had finished a few preliminary remarks, one of the boys rose and asked her how to spell "phantasmagoria." Mildred wondered why his inquiring mind should have strained after this piece of information at just this moment, but obligingly spelled it for him. The boy wrote it down and then casually remarked: "By the way, Miss Fulton, what does that mean?" The trap was well laid, but Mildred was too quick for him. She saw in a moment that the boys had conspired together to test her knowledge of the dictionary, and she determined, then and there, never, in their presence, to acknowledge ignorance of any subject whatever, so she answered sweetly:

"If you were to look into the looking-glass at dusk some night, Mr. Dean, and imagine you saw a goose reflected there, it would doubtless be a "phantasmagoria," in other words an optical illusion."

"I doubt it," came in muffled tones from the back of the room. Mr. Dean flushed a vivid crimson up to the roots of his hair, and sat down.

"If there are any other words you would like spelled or explained, boys, I am ready," Miss Fulton said quietly, as she turned again to the class. But a glance into her laughing eyes, and the flushed cheeks of the uncomfortable Dean kept the boys silent.

A few days later one of the class came to her to have a problem in trigonometry explained. Mildred, who knew nothing of the subject, answered readily,

"I wish I could do it for you, but I am exceedingly busy just now; perhaps one of the other teachers will help you."

"Bless my lines and fishing hooks if she doesn't even know trigonometry!" was his mental ejaculation as he turned away.

On Friday evening, Mr. Ashton had a few moments conversation with Mildred. "Saturday night," he said, "the boys at your table are accustomed to remain eating some times until half-past eight, because they know it annoys the dinning-room keeper. Usually the teacher leaves the table as soon as she has finished her supper. The first boy who leaves the dining-room, from the foot-ball table, is obliged to treat the rest of the team to wheat cakes the following morning. This has been the unwritten law since the foot-ball team was formed, and no teacher as yet has been able to break the boys of it."

"I may fail, as others have done, Mr. Ashton," answered Mildred, "but don't think I shall yield as easily as they."

"I have only warned you, Miss Fulton. Of course you are at liberty to do as you see fit," he replied, then added laughingly, "I begin to think that Greek has met Greek."

She flashed him a glance from her merry dark eyes. "You are wrong there, Mr. Ashton," said she smilingly, "One stern little Roman has met twelve Greeks, and will conquer them."

Accordingly Mildred ate only a light breakfast on Saturday morning, refused a noon-day meal and took a long tramp through the woods in the afternoon. The result was that she returned with an appetite of which any good sized bear might have been justly proud. Mr. Ashton met her in the hall.

"Are you ready for supper?" he asked.

"More than ready," was her answer. "I think I could eat two suppers to-night."

She looked very demure as she took her place at the table promptly at six o'clock. When the boys filed into the room, they seemed to have resumed their old hilarity, but Mildred remained undisturbed. At about half-past six, the rest of the school began to leave the dining room. Then George Baxter, one of the fool-ball eleven, turned to Mildred.

"Perhaps you had better not wait for us tonight, Miss Fulton, we are often late Saturday night," he said. Two or three of the others echoed his sentiments and waited for her answer.

"Boys, if you remain I remain with you," was her quiet reply.

"Do you know the conditions, Miss Fulton?" Baxter inquired.

"Oh yes," she said brightly, "even to the law of the wheat cakes. Please consider me one of yourselves tonight, and let us have a jolly evening."

The boys exchanged glances and proceeded to overwhelm her with their attentions. Dish after dish was passed to her, but her good constitution and healthy appetite stood her in good stead, and she declined nothing. Even the boys stopped their labors and regarded her in sheer amazement. She wondered at herself, for she would never have believed it possible that she could eat so much. When, at last, she felt she could eat no more, she began to talk, and for the next hour and a half, held the boys' closest attention. Her quick wit, lively repartee, and never ending fund of stories, called forth shouts of merriment. Not once did her brilliancy seem to fail her, and when at last they pushed back their chairs, the clock in the great hall was just striking nine. Together they walked to the door, and then came the question of how they should leave the room.

"Ladies' first," suggested Baxter. But Mildred had been the last one to leave the table, and according to their law, the one who had first been obliged to stop eating must treat the others. For fully five

minutes they stood debating the question. Then, with a merry little laugh Mildred passed to the door, and half turning as she crossed the threshold said:

"Boys, we will have wheat cakes for breakfast in the morning."

The boys burst into a shout of applause, for Mildred's last act had finished the conquest. She had completely won their hearts, and from that hour, her slightest wish was law to these, hitherto, almost ungovernable students. Her week of trial was over. Once in a while to be sure, the spirit of mischief would return, but she was always ready for it, and fought the boys with their own weapons.

When the first dance of the season was given, Baxter, assuming for some unknown reason that Miss Fulton was ignorant of the art of waltzing, offered to teach her its mysteries. She saw the joke and accepted the offer gladly. Her seemingly blundering efforts caused Baxter no end of amusement. But "he laughs best who laughs last." On the evening of the dance, as he was standing near Miss Fulton, Mr. Ashton came up.

"You dance, of course, Miss Fulton," he said, "May I have the next waltz?"

"Certainly," was her gracious answer.

Baxter turned and winked at some of his friends. "Now for some fun," he said. "She can't waltz worth a cent."

But his look of amusement changed to one of dismay, and finally to open admiration, as Mildred glided into the mazes of the dance, as lightly and gracefully as a fairy.

At the end of the term the boys formed a body guard and accompanied Mildred to the station. When Mr. Ashton helped her on to the train, he said: "Well, my staunch little Roman, you have done well. If the old time Romans had all been like you, there would have been no Fall of Rome."

As the train moved out of the station, Baxter sprang upon a stump, which stood near, and waving his hat shouted:

"Three cheers for Miss Fulton!" and three times three were given with a will.

ANNIE M. FISHER, '02.

From Milton to Great Falls, N. H.

One pleasant, warm September morning five of us started from Milton, Massachusetts, to take a ride over the road to Great Falls, New Hampshire. On starting out our adventures began.

There was a large box of eatables under the seat of the carriage, and when one of the party got in he moved the box and out it went, and the carriage wheel over it. It was not much damaged, however, by its experience.

From Milton we went straight to Boston; from there to Charlestown Square; then to Medford Square, taking the road to Stoneham, a very pretty town, and on to Reading.

Having stopped at Reading, to buy some peanuts and chocolates, we camped by the roadside like gypsies to eat our lunch. We then proceeded to Andover, North Andover, and across the Merrimac River to Haverhill, where we spent the night.

As we crossed the Merrimac, a band and a torchlight procession marching over the bridge made a very pretty sight. In this place, too, we found one of the loveliest views we had ever seen.

The next morning, very early, we got up and went out on the piazza to watch the boats going up and down the river.

About nine o'clock the same morning we decided to go on. We crossed Kingston Plains, a discouragingly long stretch of dreary land, and pushed on to Exeter. Here we stopped for crackers, milk and other good things, and we were fortunate enough to find a pine grove in which to eat our lunch.

This grove was at the foot of a long hill, and on the sides of the hill some cows were peacefully grazing. That was enough for me. I jumped into the carriage and there I staid. Nothing would tempt me to get out again.

After we had finished our lunch and the horse was rested, we went on to New Market, where we came to a town pump. How good that water was! We were

very hot and dusty, and we drank it out of a little coffee pot. Next New Market Junction, then Durnham.

Crossing the Pow-Wow river to Dover, we left the horse in a stable at Dover, and went on to Great Falls in an electric car. After we had started for Great Falls we remembered that we had not given our names to the stable keeper, or told him where we had come from, or where we were going, or how long we were going to stay. Back, therefore, we went to the stable, only to find that the stablemen had discovered our address on an envelope in the carriage. So we reached Great Falls, the end of our journey and the end of our adventures.

HELEN HUNT, '02.

Abraham Lincoln.

February Twelfth.

One asks, "Why is that date important?" Another answers indifferently, "Oh, that's Lincoln's birthday."

But let us not pass by that day so unfeelingly. Let us stop and reflect upon the birth and after life of that great man.

He was born in a log cabin, at a place called 'Nolin's Creek' in the western part of Kentucky. Nowadays when we say 'log cabin' we do not think of a log cabin with only three sides and no windows like the one in which Lincoln was born. Perhaps no one was ever born in a poorer place or had fewer "advantages" than he. Who would have thought then that he would rise to the highest office of his country?

How would the boys of our day feel if they had to work as he had to work, with no time for pleasure and only one year at school?

How many of them would take the trouble that Lincoln took to get his education? He borrowed books and spent half the night studying them, after having worked hard all day.

In later years, after the death of his mother, Lincoln moved to Illinois. Here

he did all sorts of work, anything to earn an honest living. First he was a rail-splitter, then canal driver and store-keeper, slowly working his way upward. He had a hard struggle against poverty, but during all these hardships he studied law in all his spare moments. He did not study in vain for he became one of the best lawyers of his day.

Then at last came that great day when he was elected President of our country. Although hated by the South because of his attitude towards slavery, all who met him, whether of the north or south, were won by his far reaching sympathy and greatness of heart.

We all know how well he carried the nation through the struggle with the South, and gave freedom to the slaves. At that time who, in the whole world was greater than he? People said he had conquered all by his patience, wisdom and determination.

Should we not remember the birthday of one who has done so much for our nation?

L. EDITH DAVENPORT, '02.

Notes About School.

How many valentines did you get?

Teacher—“Miss Bluffit, what was the Appian way?”

Miss Bluffit—“Oh, er, that is—just a *way* the Appian’s had.”

What a sad misfortune it is to be bashful? There’s a story around school about a boy who dropped out of the Virgil class because he “just couldn’t hear the girls ‘sing of arms and of men’.” Did you hear the story B-l-w-n?

Miss C. (in rhetoric) Irony is *disgusted* satire. Did she mean *disguised*?

“And I attempt to pull up the leafy forest from the ground.” Æneid III 24. Miss K-l-r had just seen Sandow.

“Wouldn’t that freeze you”—the recitation room.

1st Senior—“Where did you say Milton was educated?”

2nd Senior (dreamily)—Harvard. Oh, I mean Cambridge.

Some of the seniors should write a geology. The latest report is that “frogs shed their skins and then eat them.” And this from an eye witness!

AN ADAPTED RIDDLE.

Why are some of our High School pupils like tugboats in Boston harbor?

Why, because some toe in and some toe out. Now, notice!

A Valentine Story.

Squire Allen had great difficulty in turning the corner of the Old Years’ Bills, but he managed to round it safely on the side of the New Year with an empty purse.

After several discussions, the Squire and his wife decided that expenses must be reduced. This reducing of expenses blasted the bright hopes of three happy faced children. St. Valentine’s Day was at hand, and, being deprived of their weekly allowance, they could buy no valentines. The eldest child, Amy, a maid of ten and very original in her ideas, proudly announced to her brothers that they would make their own valentines.

The evening before Valentines’ Day, when the dining table was stripped of linen and china, they gathered around it, bearing bits of colored paper shaped into hearts, heaps of tin-foil from yeast cake wrappings, painted doves and roses, which Amy had found in a scrap book.

Ted broke the silence by saying, “Say, Amy, who will we make valentines for?”

“Make one for Miss Bailey, our teacher,” she answered.

“I won’t,” declared Ted, “she made me stand in front of the class all the morning and you know I wasn’t the only one talking.”

“Oh, do send her one,” pleaded his sister.

"Give her a funny one" suggested mischievous Jim in a whisper too low to reach Amy's ears. Ted never had to be coaxed to perform any action of this sort, and readily complied with his brother's wishes.

Amy sat at the farthest end of the table not to be annoyed by the boys. She labored patiently and exercised all her care and fine taste which were required to make a valentine pretty enough for Miss Bailey. The boys, on the other hand, succeeded marvelously in sketching a hideous picture with 'Miss Bailey' printed on one side. Beneath this, after a great deal of hard thinking and erasing, Ted added these lines,

But excuse my hatred for Miss Bailey."
"I love to feast on candy daily,

At nine o'clock when the work was completed and the valentine sealed and placed in Ted's geography, the Knights of the Round Table scampered upstairs to bed. All night Amy dreamed of rose bushes planted in tin-foil, and doves nestled in paper flower beds; while Ted had visions of Miss Bailey smiling at her valentine and then casting it into the fire.

The next morning the boys were up early and did the morning chores. This was an important day, and they must be at school early. A quarter of nine found Ted searching vainly for his valentine, holding books up by the binding and letting their loose pages scatter on the floor. "There it is," chimed Jim, "how nice you write 'Miss Bailey,'" it is as papa says, "as plain as the nose on your face." Ted picked up the valentine without looking at it, strapped his books and hurried off to school.

When he entered the school room, Miss Bailey happened to be looking out of the window, so, with a knowing smile, Ted laid the envelope on her desk among the rest of the valentines. The session began as usual at nine o'clock, but Amy was among the absent. When the History Class was reciting, she entered with eyes

red and swollen. The morning seemed very long. Now and then anxious eyes would look at the clock to see if those hateful hands would ever reach twelve. At last they did, and the bell rang for dismissal. All the pupils, with the exception of Ted and Amy gathered about the desk to see the valentines. One after another Miss Bailey viewed, and recognizing the handwriting, thanked the donors.

Meanwhile, Amy was sobbing to herself and Ted, seated in the rear, was trembling with fear. Quietly Miss Bailey walked to Amy, and, laying her hand on the child's bright hair, said softly, "Thank you, dear, for the beautiful valentine."

Amy's joy knew no bounds; her voice failed her, she could only sob. She and Ted never spoke on the way home. When Jim got a chance he drew from his pocket an envelope and handing it to Ted said, "Here 'tis, Ted, I'm glad you didn't give it to the teacher. Mamma would be awful mad if she knew anything about it." Ted seized it in his hands, and tearing it into a dozen pieces threw it into the fire.

MARY REHILL, '03.

The Love of Nature.

The love of Nature is something which may be developed in every heart. Many see, but do not know or appreciate Her, but when studied and patiently wooed She reveals Herself and instils a love that rarely fails to purify and exalt.

Every Spring is a new revelation, every summer a fresh chapter of experience, every Autumn a possession of hopes as well as seeds and buds.

A love for the soil and all the pursuits of outdoor life is one of the most healthful signs in a people. The culture of the land is no longer a plodding drudgery, nor is the farm a place of humdrum, brainless routine.

Science lends aid to be applied on every hand, and beauty in numberless forms is always apparent to those who have eyes and minds capable of recognizing it.

The farmer, well, it is his own fault if he remains kindred to the clod he turns. He has a literature of his own which grows each year in proportion and value. Every crop is a prize to knowledge and industry; every flower a mystery which may be solved in part; every tree, a thing of beauty while it lives, and of many uses when its life is taken.

Even in animals, birds, insects and vegetation, we are surrounded by different lives, and ours grow richer and more complete as we try to enter into their life and to comprehend it.

NELLIE F. O'LEARY, '03.

The Story of a Spring-lock Chest.

Reading of the "War of 1812" recently brought to mind a story my great grandmother used to tell, about those troubled times. I give it as nearly as I can remember in her own words:

"Upstairs in the garret of the house of my childhood stood an old oak chest, brought over by some of my ancestors to the new world, for they were among the first settlers here. It was a valuable heirloom and was regarded with awe mixed with fear by us children on account of the spring-lock, although in our time it was, as a rule, used simply to stow blankets in. But on one memorable occasion something more than blankets was stowed within it. It happened during the war of 1812 when England was impressing so many unwilling men into her navy. At last, in 1813, things came to such a pass that she took landmen, and many very young ones at last.

Many of the neighbor's sons had been "pressed" as it was commonly called, and mother had made up her mind that if any attempt was made to impress her oldest son (a boy of sixteen), she would somehow prevent his entering the British navy.

Well, to continue my story, one morning, in the summer of 1813, one of the children rushed into the house, crying, 'Pressin' men are comin'!'

At the word my mother dropped her work, and with my brother hurried up to the garret where he clambered into the chest. With a word not to drop the lid until he heard the men coming, she came down stairs and bustled around as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile the rest of us had rushed to mother's room where stood a tester-bed in which we had often played hide-and-seek. It was a huge affair, piled high up with great feather beds. Between these beds five youngsters scrambled. In the excitement, I, a child of five years, was forgotten, and before I could get to a place of safety, in strode the press gang.

Two officers approached me, their swords clanking by their sides, and there I stood, too frightened to move, my heart in my mouth, as you might say! 'Ere we 'ave a fine sojer,' exclaimed one of them, putting his hand on my shoulder. He stood me by the fire-place saying, 'Now we' press yer into 'is Majesty's service, 'ands to yer sides, face front, don't yer dare to move'. With that they went off to search the house. As soon as they were out of hearing, my sister poked her head out from between the feather beds, 'Oh, Betsy, come here quick!' she wailed, 'they'll take you to war,' but I was too frightened to move. 'Ruther be 'pressed 'n smothered to death,' grumbled brother Bill, a boy of ten. But he took good care not to get out. After what seemed hours but was really minutes, back came the men. By this time little James had begun to get tired, and started to cry. This attracted the attention of the men, and lifting off the feather bed they discovered the frightened children. How they laughed! I can hear them now. Coming to where I stood, the officers praised me for being a "good sojer," but a little too small, and releasing me, marched out of the house down the road. They had barely left the house when mother, with great fear and trembling, flew to the garret and released my brother from his hiding place, almost smothered, but after

getting him to the open air he was none the worse for his adventure, and told us how the men had pushed and kicked at the chest, talking roughly about having come all this distance on a 'fool's errand.'

A few months later, when we smaller children were alone in the house, we were playing hide-and-seek in the garret, and all had found a place to hide but cousin Bessie, who, seeing the chest with the lid thrown back, jumped in, and drew the lid to with a bang. Click! went the lock, and we children looked at one another with dismay. One of the boys ran off to the next house, a half a mile away, for help, while sister found an axe. Calling to Bess to hammer on the lid where her head was, sister began to hack away at the cover. It was tough wood and hard wood, but she managed to make an opening. It was small, but it probably saved the child's life.

At last, help arrived. Willing hands helped to open the lid, and poor Bessie, unconscious and almost black in the face, was taken out. After a great while she was pronounced out of danger, and such a lot of happy, though still terrified children it would have been hard to find.

The old chest is still in existence, and bears on its lid the marks of the axe."

RUTH A. PARKS, '05.

Jim's Luck.

It was cold and cloudy, and the country around Hamesbury was covered with snow.

Walking slowly along, in the middle of of the road with his eyes fixed on the ground, was Jim Thornton. He was tall and strongly built, but he had an air of dejection about him which was so uncommon among the people of Hamesbury that a stranger would involuntarily stop and look at him again.

A sleigh came up behind him with the bells ringing merrily, but he did not notice it. Finally, the occupant of the sleigh got down and spoke

to him. Jim answered all the man's questions but still kept on, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Meanwhile the horse was following the two men. The animal was tall and angular, as was his master. At last Jim stopped, and his friend spoke again. "Won't you git in und hev a ride?" he said, hospitably. Jim turned and got into the sleigh, saying: "Tom Hallet, you be my friend, but I'll be jiggered, if I know why yer should wanter stop and take me with yer. I was jest huntin' fer a horse shu, and naow ye've broke up ther charm.

"My son Hinry said as Mamie Henter told him, that if he went along with his eyes onter the ground, an' kep' 'em there 'til he found a horseshue, he'd hev good luck. Wal, I jest thought I'd try it, and noaw ye've broke ther charm."

Tom sat in silence until they reached an old, tumble-down house, and then he said, "Well, Jimmy, I s'pose you can't help being kinder superstitious, with all your folks believing as they do, but"—"Say, Hallett, ain't yer goin' to stop and lemme git out?" Jim interrupted.

Hallett gave the reins a jerk, and slowly and gradually the "hoss" stopped.

Jim climbed awkwardly out of the sleigh and, after saying good-bye, began to walk toward the house. The sleigh, started and was out of sight before long.

A boy came running out to Jim. "Hello pa!" he cried, "Where've ye bin?"

The man told him, and he said, "Well, I don't believe all that stuff about horseshues and things, do you?"

His father started in surprise. "Not believe in them things?" he said, "Why my ma and her grandma before her believed it, and why shouldn't I, I'd like ter know?"

"I'm going right now ter see 'f I can find er horseshue."

The boy said nothing, but walked suddenly to the house, vanishing within.

Jim went off and, as it happened, he did find a horse shoe. He brought it back to

the house, and nailed it, with the heel down, over the door.

II.

A year passed, and poor superstitious Jim went on with varying luck. He picked up every pin he saw (for good luck), and sometimes his coat would be stuck full of them. He viewed everything in the same moody, downcast way, and made everything seem as bad as possible. To him the year had seemed very unlucky, and at last, one evening, he found the supposed cause of all his woes.

The neighbors were as superstitious as he, if not so ready to show it on every occasion. On this memorable evening, a friend (Samuel, by name,) who lived near by, came to call. The conversation turned into a discussion of the last year's failings.

"I've hed a pretty good year, considerin', und you hev, tew, haven't yer?" said Samuel.

"No, I heven't," Jim replied, shortly.

"What? I thought it was *extr*y good."

"No, it wasn't," was the laconic answer.

"I wonder why," said Sam.

"I dunno."

"Wake up and speak to a feller decent, can't yer? All ye've sed was 'I dunno' and such like things sence I been here."

Jim fired up at this, and replied, "Wal, you old plague, I s'pose I've got ter tell yer. Last winter I picked up a horse-shue, and nailed it over the door, and ever sence, I haven't hed no luck whatever. Naow, ef you ken tell me what's the matter, ye hev more brains than I give yer credit fer." Samuel rose to the occasion, slowly but surely.

"Lemme see the horse-shoe," he said. Jim led him outside of the door and Sam gave one good look at the horse-shoe above it.

"Why, James Hinnery Thornton, hain't ye got no sense? Ye've nailed ther horse

shue on upside down! The luck's been fallin' out all the time."

III.

Another year passed, and Jim was still as superstitious as ever. He had nailed the horse-shoe over the door, right end up, and he thought that his luck was better. His son, "Hinnery," was a good boy, and to Jim he seemed remarkably so. Jim once said to a neighbor, "I'll bet anythin' that my boy Hinnery could beat any of the boys here, big or little, at fightin', or studyin', or bein' good, or any other thing."

Jim seemed to think that because he had nailed up that horse-shoe, everything would be just as he wanted it.

One day, Jim's mother came in from a neighbor's, where she had been calling, and sat down in the little parlor to work. Jim came in and noticed that she looked pale, but didn't say anything, and went out again. An hour later, he walked in at the parlor door, and started back in affright. His mother lay back in her chair with her head on its arm, unconscious.

Jim ran to the door and screamed, "Hinnery! Hinnery!! Where are yer? Hurry up, quick! Quick!! Come!" Henry came running up, and Jim cried, sobbing, "O, Hinnery! Yer Gramma's dead, I guess! Ye've got ter go fer the doctor naow! Right off! Go!"

Henry went, and poor Jim went back to his mother. She was still lying where he had left her. He went to her, and, putting his arms around her, swayed to and fro, crying, "O, mother! Mother! The good Lord won't let yer die. O, mother! Speak ter me, can't yer?" He kept on in this strain for a long time, until the doctor arrived.

Doctor Walton pronounced her past recovery, and said concisely, "Well, Jim, I pity you; but she'd have to go before long, anyway." But poor Jim refused to be comforted.

He went out to look at the horse-shoe,

and still crying as if his heart would break, said, "O, why did I ever believe in good luck? Ma's dead! Dead!! And naow what'll I dew?"

After the funeral, Jim went back to his usual routine of life.

He never more believed in luck of any sort. The minister said he had become a sadder and a wiser man. The horse-shoe was taken down from over the door, but Jim still kept it, to remind him of his mother, and the past days when he believed in good luck.

ANNA H. WHITTLESEY, '05.

Basket Ball.

The boys' team played the second team of North Easton High School, Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, at North Easton. North Easton won by a score of 17 to 8.

On Friday evening, Feb. 14, a game was played between the boys' team and the Dedham High School team at Canton Memorial Hall. Dedham won; score, 56 to 3.

The girls' team played the Dedham High School graduates' team, at Dedham, Saturday, Jan. 18. Dedham was victorious. Score, 21 to 3.

Thursday, Feb. 6, the girls' team played the Norwood High School team, at Memorial Hall, Canton. We won by a score of 46 to 3.

Exchange Notes.

A great many of our exchanges abound in notes of this sort: "Did B—— enjoy his walk home, Friday night?" "How is Miss G——, R——d?" Probably these ambiguous statements are understood by the people in question, but they certainly appear ridiculous to outsiders and they could easily be omitted without hurting the standard of the different papers.

Freshman—"I'm sorry I cut, Professor, but I really couldn't get back in time. I was detained by important business."

Professor—"So you wanted two days more of grace, did you?"

Freshman—"No, sir, of Laura."

"Street Railroading in New Hampshire" in The Malden H. S. *Oracle*, is a very good article.

In the January number of the Latin School *Register*, there is a very fine cut of the football team. The *Register* is a well-managed paper, but it lacks an exchange column.

We are pleased to acknowledge The Lynn High School *Gazette* and the W. R. H. S. Clarion among our new exchanges. The *Gazette* has a good motto, "Esse quam videri."

The Dorchester High School *Item* is a breezy, original paper, but its cover design might be improved upon a great deal.

The Greylock *Echo's* idea of having its printing right across the page instead of down, in columns, is very good. It gives the paper quite a distinctive look.

A singular person named Bou

Had five or six lessons to do,

And he shouted, "By Gee!

It's too much for me,

I must trust to my nerve to get through."

Q.—"What is the coldest letter in the alphabet?"

A.—"C, because it's always in the middle of 'ice'."

Geometry beginner—"A line is where two faces meet."

Teacher in Physics—"What are the three laws of motion?"

Pupil—"First, second and third."

1st Soph—"What does 'pourquoi' mean."

2nd Soph—"Why."

1st Soph—"Because I want to know, you old fool."

He was a special student

And they asked him how he fared.

He replied, "I'm taking singing

And deportment—unprepared."

Seasonable Suggestions.

VIII. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Why wasn't my story put in THE PENDULUM?" says some one. Perhaps it wasn't quite good enough.

One's first attempt isn't always a success. There are numberless examples to prove it. Don't be discouraged because you don't see your *first* poem in print. Work harder on your *second* and remember Suggestion VII.

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